

A No-'count Nigger Boy - song lyrics

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A NO-'COUNT NIGGER BOY.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by Roger Harding.

'Way down South, where the sweet potatoes grow,
There lived a woolly-headed nigger;
His skin was as black as the very blackest crow.
With him his color cut no figure.
His mammy used to swat him and say, "You no-'count fool.
If I had a gun I swar I'd pull de trigger!
I'd shoot yer in de head, yes, shoot yer till you's dead,
You'se nothin' but a shiftless, no-'count nigger!"

Chorus.

Nothing but a woolly-headed, no-'count nigger boy.
None to love him, never had no fun;
Never cared for anybody, never had a joy,
'Cept to lie a-basking in the sun.
When the other coons were working, toting in the wood.
He would lie around and folks annoy.
Never did a lick of work, and wouldn't if he could.
Nothing but a woolly headed, no-'count nigger boy.

On the banks of the river he would sprawl,
To fish he even was too lazy;
He always did hate to go dig the worms for bait,
The coons allowed he must be crazy.
He used to come in reg'lar at mealtime, sure's you born.
And each day he grew up lazier and bigger.
The neighbors they would cry, "Why don't you go and die?
You'se nothin' but a shiftless, no-'count nigger!" -Chorus.

One bright morn he was basking in the sun,
A-gazing on the rushing river;
He heard there a scream that awoke him from his dream.
It made the heart within him shiver.
A little child was struggling and drowning in the stream,
So he plunged right in, the danger cut no figure;
He brought her to the shore, but he sank to rise no more.
This good for-nothing, shiftless, no-'count nigger!" - Chorus.